

A DISSERTATION ON RADIO COMMERCIALS

by

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SUMMARY

Although the theme contained herein is written in a humorous fashion and does cite the extreme cases, it is not without a main point. There has been a growing on the part of the public towards the annoying radio commercials which are cluttering up the air waves of our radio network. The radio commercials are no longer just a mere public nuisance, they are actually threatening the economic structure of the broadcasting as we know it today. There is growing resentment on the part of the sponsor who invests thousands of dollars on a really worthwhile program, only to have it followed by a two minute program consisting of one of the well known "singing commercials" advertising anything from baby's diapers to automobiles.

Consequently, I have endeavored to convey to the reader my impression as to what the radio commercial is capable of. I have cited the example of an average, hardworking citizen who comes home from the day's work hoping to spend a restful evening listening to his favorite radio programs, but is completely upset by the annoying radio commercials which are continually interrupting the evening's enjoyment. In fact, they are of such a nature that they cling to his mind and even after retiring, instead of counting sheep, he counts boxes of soap, bottles of hair tonic, and bars of soap.

gradually drifts into the land of ecstasy as the slow, sweet strains of Beethoven's fifth symphony drifts out of the radio loudspeaker, and for a moment 'God's in his heaven and all's right with the world'. But, alas, our friend does not remain in this relaxed state for long, for just as the music is reaching its climax, a shrill voice cuts into the broadcast with 'Zlotnick the furrier, Zlotnick the furrier, 12th and G.---'. Frantically our friend reaches for the dial, but all he can hear are phrases like '---Ice cold fudgicle, Ice cold fudgicle ---, Squirt gives you go---, and Beeeeee Oooooooooooooo!'

This is by far too unbearable for our hero, so he slams off the radio and, muttering a low curse on all radio commercials, he trudges wearily up to bed where, so he thinks, he will at least escape the horrors of those infernal, idiotic verses.

No sooner has he fallen off into a state of uneasy slumber, when the haunting, clinging verses start running through his semi-conscious mind; slowly at first, but rapidly reaching a tempo of the wildest war dance. 'Rinso white, rinso white---, don't make a move---, Super suds, super suds---, Make mine Rupert's beer---,Pepsi cola hits the spot---, Copy cat, copy cat---'. Faster and faster they come---'Mourton's, Mourton's---Rinso---Copy--Beeee-Zlotnick, Zlotnick, Zlot---', until finally he wakes up with a blood curdling scream!!....As he

stares blindly into the darkness which is fast engulfing him, he realizes that here is an obstacle which he is helpless to overcome, a peril that is gradually wearing him down, robbing him of the spirit of life itself.

Can we, the engineers of America, allow this terrible condition to continue? Are we to stand idly by while John W. and millions of his brother countrymen are driven mad by this fiendish practice? No!! We must use every ounce of energy and genius that we possess to develop a device which, although it will allow the wholesome, worthwhile programs to come forth from our loudspeakers, will filter out all extraneous advertising matter which our modern sponsors are determined to shout into the unwilling ears of the public.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The subject matter used in the construction of this theme is largely original, although it is based on the passing remarks of the people I have talked with, and also on comments in several(no specific ones) small written articles dealing with or related to the subject.